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A Refuge



in

The Rockies

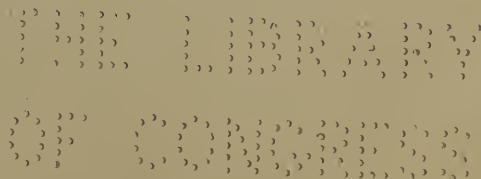
A
Refuge in the Rockies



Dedicated to the Pioneer Mothers
of Salida and Chaffee County.

BY
MRS. HATTIE C. SHONYO
SALIDA, COLORADO

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CREATION.

Ere His kingdom He created,
In the long-forgotten ages—
In the wondrous realm of heaven,
God was speaking to his angels,
Who the mighty throne surrounded.
Speaking thus unto his angels:
"We will make a lovely country
With a glorious wealth of sunshine;
Make a stream of running water,
Pure, salubrious and refreshing;
Make a lake, and round its edges;
Make a chain of grandest mountains,
Underlaid with precious minerals.
Near it make a fierce volcano,
Which shall cause the earth to tremble,
Which shall send forth fire and ashes.
Near it make a spring eternal,
Which shall feed the lake unceasing
With a flow of heated water."
So then spoke the Great Almighty,
So then spoke the Great Creator.
His word was law, and ever shall be,
And his kingdom was created.

TRANSITION.

Time rolled on. From out the northward
Came the pure, cool stream, salubrious.
Came and brought its waters, wandering
Over rocks and sands and pebbles,
To the broad lake, which received it.
Many years the running water,
From the hot spring came unceasing,
Poured into the lake its limpid,
Langourously laughing liquid.
At the farther end the outlet.
Checked by a wall of solid granite,
Formed a rushing, roaring cataract—
Formed a cataract like Niagara,
Which, upon the rock formation,
Wore away into a canon,
As the stream flowed toward the ocean.

As the lake lay blue and placid,
As the sky was there reflected,
As the sunlight on its surface,
Rippled as it oft had rippled—
Came a breath from the volcano.
That for long had slept and rested,

Had not thrown out fire and ashes,
Had not caused the earth to tremble;
Now it shook, and heaved, and trembled,
Threw the beds of precious minerals
Into leads and shapes fantastic;
Some were thrown upon the surface.
Some were sprinkled in the river.
Some beneath the ground lay hidden.
And the solid wall of granite,
That had formed the mighty cataract
Fell, and smote the earth in falling—
Fell, and straightway all the water
From the lake came with a rushing,
With a speed and a commotion
That exceeded the volcano
In its power and force of action.
Thus ungorged, the rushing water
Plowed a furrow deep and mighty,
Formed a deep dark dreary canon
As it made its journey outward.
Thus the lake was drained and emptied.

In its stead a beauteous valley,
By the mountain chain surrounded,
Lay, and in the glorious sunshine.

Soon its verdure grew and flourished,
Watered by the crystal river—
From the hot spring yet replenished—
And a rift made near its center,
Poured out water, warm and wholesome.
And the bellowing volcano,
In a long and deadly silence,
Lay asleep within its crater.



OCCUPATION.

Driven from his father's acres,
Came the red man to the valley,
Came the Indian with his arrows,
Here to hunt the deer and bison,
Here to hunt the bear and beaver,
For the flesh he used for eating
And the skins he used for clothing.



Here he pitched his homely wigwam,
Brought his squaw and young papooses,
Brought his white-eyed mustang ponies;
Here they spent the golden summers—
But when came the snows of winter,
As the wily birds fly southward,
Farther southward went the Indian,
To the pale-face sold his titles
To the lands within the valley.
All his rights, and left it vacant
For the white man's occupation.

For the white man bent on hunting,—
Bent on hunting dear and beavers,
Bent on hunting bear and bison;
For the white man bent on mining—
For along the crystal river,
On its banks, and on its bottom,
Strewn there by the great volcano,
When it sent forth fire and ashes,
When it belched forth molten minerals—
Lay the shining golden nuggets—
More attractive than the lodestone
More effective than a magnet—
GOLD, that to the white man ever
Has so glittered, shone, and beckoned,
As to lead him ever onward
On his western quest for empire.
Since this new world was discovered
By the venturesome Columbus,
By the brave and bold Italian
Sailing under Spanish colors.
Beckoned to Hernando Cortez,
Beckoned to the great Espejo,
To the fearless Coronado,
As he led his bold explorers
From the conquered southern city

To a region to the northward,
Where, beholding a red sunset,
He the region called—**Colorado.**
So the white man bent on mining,
Bent on seeking golden nuggets,
Came, and found the climate healthful—
Found the river fit for placers,
With its banks of sand and gravel.
Found the mountain sides were covered
With a grand primeval forest,
Trees of spruce and pine and pinon,
Fit for use as logs and fuel,
Fit for making into lumber.
Found the hillsides and the mesas
Covered with a wealth of grasses,
Fit for feeding herds of cattle.
Found the soil was fit for farming,
Found the water in the rivers
Could be used for irrigation,
As the Babylonian rulers
Used the waters of the Tigris,
Of the Nile and the Euphrates.
So their waters he diverted
To reclaim the arid region
And to make the land productive.

CO-OPERATION.

In these words a gifted poet
In the thoughts of Hiawatha
This has said and none more truly—
“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman
Though she bends him, she obeys him
Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other.”
And a man who ventured thither
Leaving wife and home behind him
Soon was followed by the woman,—
Wife of days when peace and plenty
Had not suffered war’s advances—
Who, as o’er the hills she wandered
With all nature holding commune
Found a lead of precious mineral,
Found of copper a deposit,
Which all copper mines surpasses.
In the state of Colorado—
Found and named it, the “Sedalia.”

CIVILIZATION.

And the people from the lowlands
Came, and through the darksome canon,
Where the turbulent stream is flowing,
Brought the world's great civilizer—
Iron horse and gilded carriage.
And its arteries of iron,
Which to farthest countries carries
Hope, ambition, emulation,—
Carried to the minds of many.
Dwelling in the far-off regions,
Stories of this great discovery—
Who, when once their eyes were opened.
Set their faces toward the valley,
Where the lake once lay and glistened.
And they came and built a city
And they called its name **Salida**,
Meaning "opening" in the mountains.
Such as sun and air may enter—
Enter there and purify it.
While the mountains still protect it
From the blizzard and the cyclone,
From the storms that o'er the lowlands
Sweep, and bring death and destruction.







SALIDA 1905



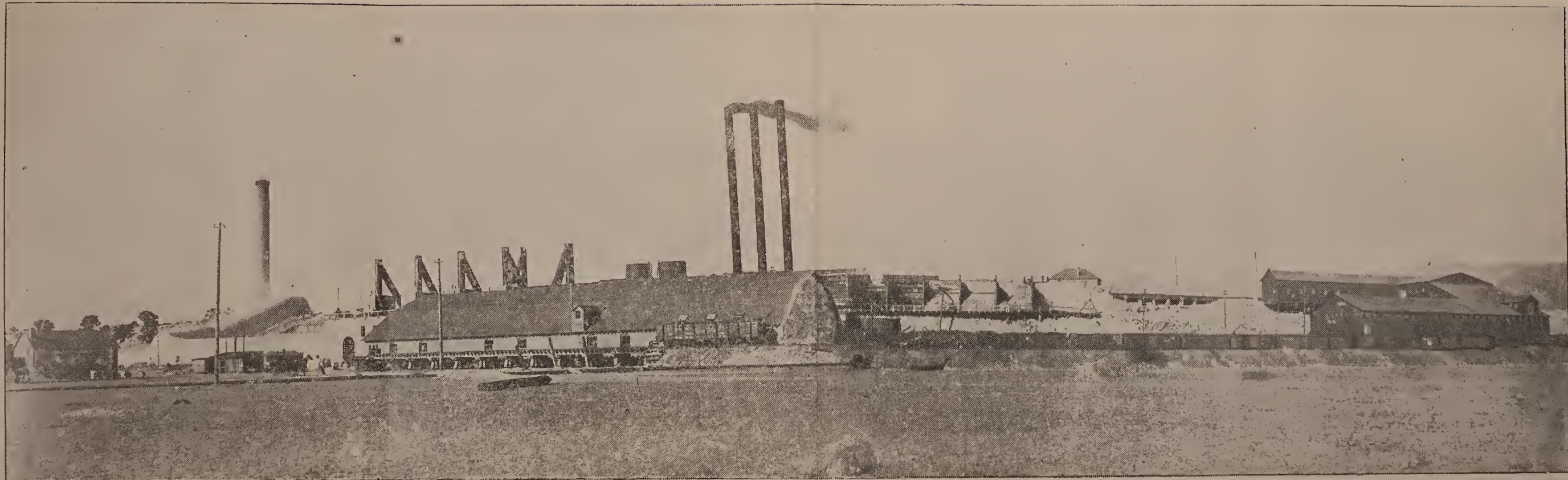
CONTEMPLATION.

Mining in the sand and gravel,
In the bottom of the river,
Where the placer was established
Long ago has been abandoned.
But beneath the chain of mountains,
'Neath the limestone and the marble,
Which were laid as its foundations,
Lies the wealth of buried treasure,
Lies the wealth of precious minerals
Wealth of zinc and lead and iron—
Wealth of copper, gold and silver—
Such as Spaniard never dreamed of
In his wildest speculations.
Waiting 'til some bold prospector,
Coming with his pick and shovel,
Finds the lead upon the surface,
Digs, and all the wealth uncovers.
Some there are who have uncovered,
In the mountains to the westward,
Paying veins of lead and silver,
Named them "Monarch" and "Madonna"
And the "Farrell" and the "Lilly."
And the mountains to the northeast

Many years have been producing
From the "Calumet" the iron.
Near the mining town of Turret—
Nestling there among the mountains,
Have been found the gold-producers,
"Vivandiere," "Gold Bug" and "Jasper."
And these mines of precious products
Every day send to the smelter—
Which beside the crystal river,
Near the city of Salida,
Recently has been established—
Cars of ore of such a value
As will make their owners wealthy.

On the lands that are not fertile,
Are not reached by irrigation,
Not by water made productive,
Grows, amid the sand and ashes,
Thrown there in the time far distant
By the bellowing volcano—
Grows a plant called "Picradenia."
Which by actual experiment,
Has been found to furnish rubber,
Which, when properly extracted,
Equals the East Indian product,
Can be put to all its uses.

TER



THE SMELTER





"PICRADENIA" OR THE RUBBER WEED.

And the fields around the city—
Where the mountain flowers once flourished,
Where once grew the grass and cactus,
Prickly-pear, sage-brush and soap-weed—
Made productive by the farmer
With his plow and team of horses.
With his seeder and his harrow,
With his spade and boots of rubber,
With his dams made in the ditches
Coming from the streams and rivers,
Where the rainbow trout are flashing,
Yield of hay a crop prodigious
Which in winter feeds his cattle,
Yields a crop of products varied—
Wheat and oats, peas and potatoes.
And alfalfa, king of clovers.
And the orchard trees he planted
Which were said to be a failure,
In the early days and distant,
Grew, and to him now are yielding
Pears and cherries, plums and apples
With no worm to sting or gnaw them.
For the singing birds are many
That alight among their branches,—
Wren and robin, finch and bluebird—

And the bees go round them, droning.
Gathering in their store of honey.
And his dwelling shows improvement
Since the days of logs and adobe.
For the lumber, brick and concrete
All are made to him convenient.
And the rose, snow-ball and lilac,
With their bloom, his lawns embellish;
And his home is made more pleasant,
More alluring and attractive
To his wife and sons and daughters.
And the farmer when you see him
Wears a smile of satisfaction;
For he is always well and happy:
And he too is getting wealthy.
And he too is proud of living
In a state, where agriculture
At the World's Great Exposition
Won so many golden medals.—
In the state of Colorado
Near the city of Salida.

And the D. & R. G. Railway.
Road of many scenic wonders—
Road of marvelous engineering.

Which in eighteen hundred eighty
Made its depot in a box-car
Set on fifty feet of siding.
Now has sidings, shops and round-house
Valued at a quarter million.
And an average monthly pay-roll
Of seventy-five thousand dollars.



D. & R. G. ROUND HOUSE AND SHOPS

While a constant flow of traffic
And an endless chain of travel
Passes daily through the city.
And the ranks of summer tourists,
And the ranks of winter travelers.
Seeking, health, rest or amusement,
Traveling through the darksome canon,
Royal Gorge—where once the cataract
Poured its flood of rushing water—
Spanned with iron bridge as marvelous
As the hand of man e'er fashioned—
Come and rest them in the city.
Stay long after they have rested.



THE ROYAL GORGE

Five and twenty years the city
Has been growing by the river—
‘Arkansas’ the Indians called it.
And her growth has been a wonder,
Covering now seven hundred acres;
And she has so grown and prospered,
So increased in population,
One who took a recent census
Places it at seven thousand.
And her voters, men and women
Number twenty-seven hundred,
And these enterprising people
Pave her streets from beds of lava;
With majestic trees adorn them,
In dry weather keep them sprinkled.
And of cement make her sidewalks.
Have two parks, and a band concert
Every evening in the summer.
Have a library supported
By a club of worthy women.
Have a board of trade comprising
All the most progressive citizens.
Have hotel accomodations
And efficient livery service.

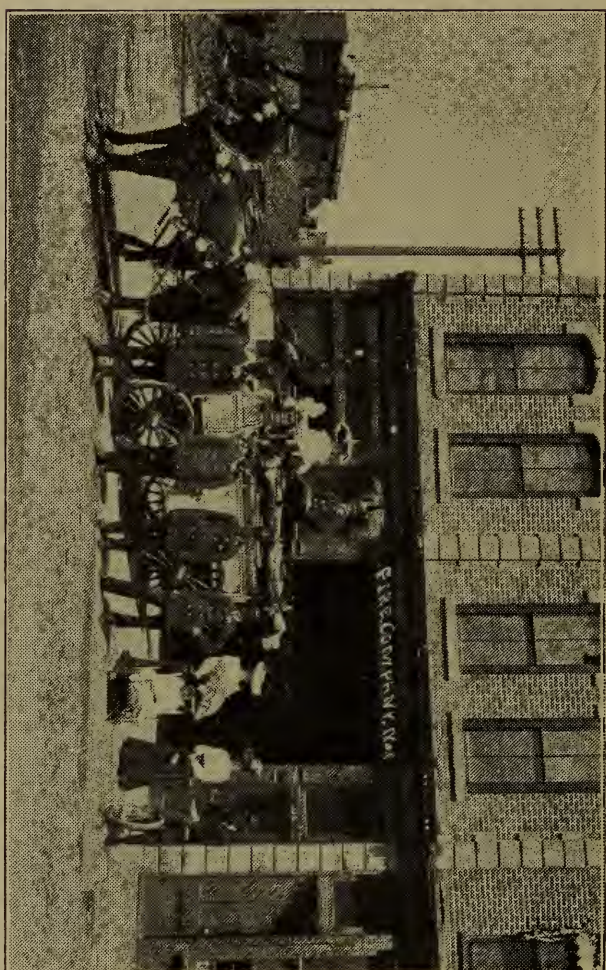
Have two hospitals. attended
By a corps of able surgeons,
Unsurpassed in Colorado.
Have three newspapers, and have churches
For each of seven denominations.
Have a public school attended
By a thousand little children.
Have an excellent fire department.
Have a model water system.,
Have a telephone connection
With all neighboring cities.
Have arc lights in streets and alleys.
From their own electric power-house.
It is said the coming summer
A street railway is projected —
Running east as far as Wellsville
With its water warm and wholesome.
Running west as far as Poncha,
Where the hot spring still is bubbling.
Bringing joy and health to hundreds.



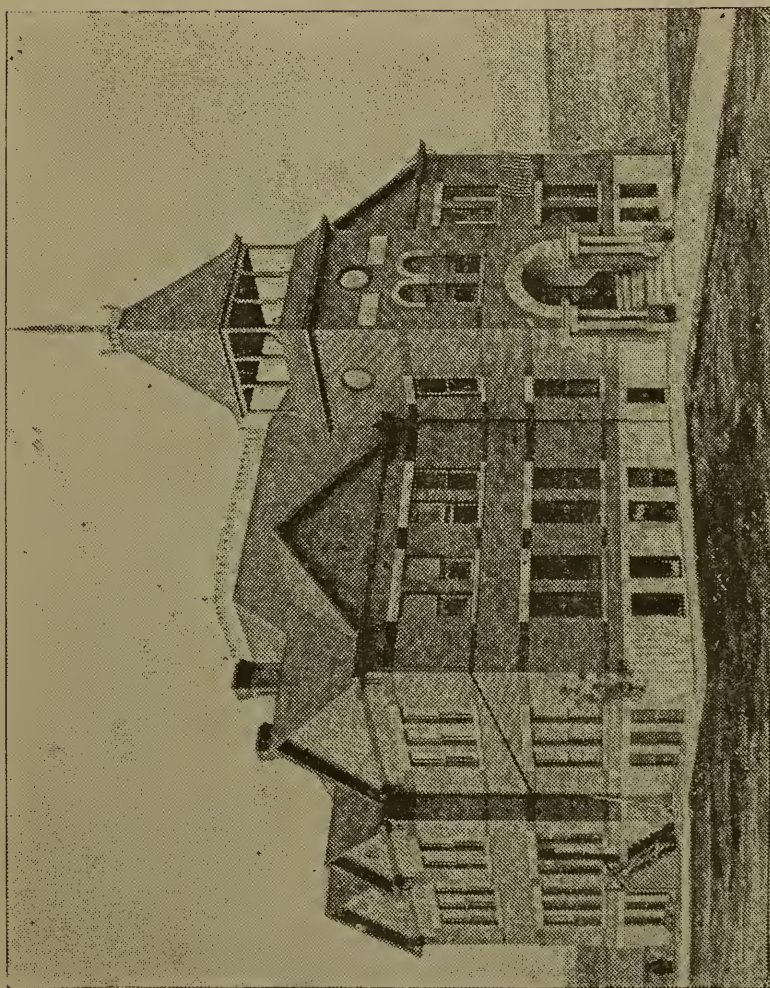


INVITATION.

Here she sits and to the workers,
Bent on every avocation,
To the tourist and the traveler,
Bent on having a vacation,
To the sick and to the weary
Sends this cordial invitation—
“Come and help improve our city,
Come and visit pleasant places
In the mountains that surround it.
Come and feel the charm of living
At an altitude of seven thousand.
Come, enjoy the healthful climate,
Come, enjoy the golden summers
And the mild and pleasant winters.
And the cooling streams of water.
Come and fish for sparkling rainbows.
Come and hunt for grouse and rabbit.
Or for bears and mountain lions.
Come, and in the spring eternal,
Bathe and find your health returning.
Drink the water, like no other.
Come and find your work among us.
Come and build your home among us.
Come, and we will join hands together
Come and we will all be happy.”

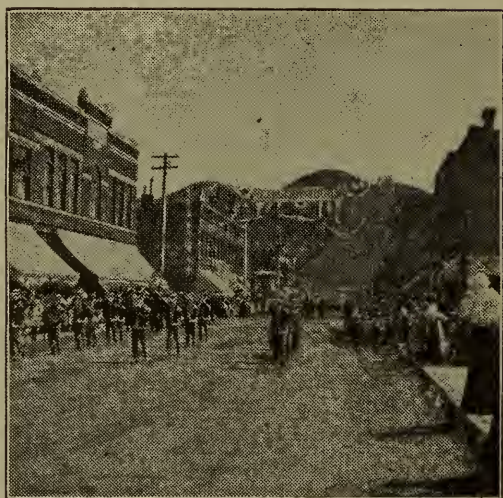


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